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1890



Of euill tonges.



With pite moued to my payn I dyd me dres
To shew þ peple what to the most greuā
I say yll tōgea ful of bytter cruelnes
In thys world thet may be no gretter penā
They be þ clappers of sorow þ skorges of
These preuy mozdres these cōbero⁹ hel weds. (vēgās
Be cause of grete myscheef & dystroyers of gode dedys.

ytthere were in the worlde none other punyschement.
But yll tonges onely in especyal
Of very ryght it were suffycient
Seynge how every creature now ouer al
Is sodenly smytē with thys venymous spere mortal
Of comberous tonges that god ne man dzedys
They be cause of myscheef & dystroyers of good dedys.

Bothe ryche and pooze be brought to torment.
By this cursed flo worme þ swelleth worse than a tode.
I mene the yll tonge that venymous serpent.
Whiche many good doer destroyeth with a worde
Who ledyth theyr lyfe now in peasyble conorde
Ful fewe for yll tonges so moche sorowe bredys.
They be cause of myscheef and dystroyeth good dedys.

No enemy so lytel we ought hym to doute
Ne none so grete come but remedy may be founde
If it in tyme be perceyued and brought oure.
Than to a good ende it may rebounde
But an yll tonge so brode rennech the soude
fro bad to worse and so myscheef spedys
Whiche causeth many a mā to withdraue gode dedys

The tonge is instrument of lyes treason and trechery
And causeth warre mozt her myschef without ende
Gret multytude of othes with ypocrysy
Rebellus thete dyscorde ful yll to defende
Fyghtynge chydynge to stryfe euer intende
With shame & sclaunder to yll fortune alledys
Lo how þe tōge causeth myschef & dysstroyeth gode dedys

Some theues escapen & many trew men be hanged
It is dayly syn in this worlde rounde
Faythful people by yll tonges be condempned
That to vntrouth theyr dedys neuer dyde sounde
But he that cometh in daunger of an yll tonge
Seldome oz neuer he escapeth therefro
For by an yll tonge the good name is soone ago

And this yll Joynt of moost dyspyte
Soy mounteth al venym of serpentis fel
They haue luche mylkyous appetyte
They may be lykened to the fende of hel
The sorowe that by them is ceced no man may tel
The true seruaunt put out of fauour that is pyte & wo
For by an yll tonge the good name is soone ago

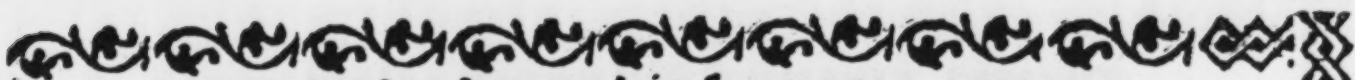
A false tonge wyl euer Imagyne and saye
That neuer by creature was sayd ne thought
And this hath be seen and is euery day
The fader and moder betray and in sorowe brought
Many good folke hath sclaunder dere bough t
As lost theyr goodes and theyr lyes also
For by an yll tonge the good name is soone ago

Many there be that neuer dyd offende
Whiche by an yll tonges is brought to dyshonour
And in to an yll name soone they be condemnde
That a: M. to theyr good name can not theym restore
The clarkers condycion is to growe by more and more
Maydens by theym is blamed wedowes & other moo
For by an yll tonge the good name is soone go

There is many one blamed and accused for nought
And in any gyltes theyr lyues fro them is take
ye and a thousande in to pouerte brought
That daily goth a beggynge & prayeth for goddes sake
And althow we tale tellers his scrow doth wake
Whiche causeth many one theyr selfe to flo
Where by an yll tonge theyr good name is a go

Ful many be brought to displeas and captiuite
In euery regyon that man can trauayl
The tonge is causer of this woful aduersyte
Ful lytel or nought doth now trouch auayl
Twelve hepers be dyscheryte without ony fayl
With wepyng & waylyng some waxeth blynde
And al causeth yll tonges moost enemye to mankynde

Though some prestes now be neuer so pacyent
And in towne and cyte be pease ouer al
Or though the relygyous be neuer so obedyent
Yet an yll tonge wyl trouble them al
Multyplyenge of lesynges by hym arysse shal
To trouble good people in soule and mynde
This is yll tonges moost enemye to mankynde



Yf ony man wolde begyn his synnesto receyve
Or ony good people that fro vyce dyd refrayne
What so euer he were that to vertu wolde applye
But an yll tonge wyl al ouerthrowe agayne
I obye who is rayled al this gret payne
Of sorowful sclaunder that flyeth as the wynde
These ill tonges be moost enemye to mankynde

I saye nat but warre is gret abusyon
yet is there not so many as is with yll tonges slayne
And though hunger be neuer so sharpe for the season
yet for al that god doth some people sustayne
Of frostes gret some people be not fayne
But so sore grefe no where may we fynde
As is the yll tonge moost enemye to mankynde

Though sodayne deth be neuer so rygorous
yet by prestes it leasech at the last
But where an yll tonge lyst to be malyciously
There is neuer remedy whan the worde is past
To lye and say wronge they be neuer agast
Of heuen and hel they haue lytel mynde
I mene yll tonges moost enemye to mankynde

Speke of salpeter arstnek or ony poyson mortal
The fyre of hel the blod of serpentes venymous
ye fynde none so peryllous amonge them al
As is the euyl tonge to them that be vertuous
They be of malyce so ful and rygorous
For they that lyst to do wel & therto do they payne
By the yll tonge al is ouerthrowe agayne



* Therefore euery creature take rede what ye say
 For yf the worde be escaped at any thow
 It wyl not be called agayn though thou wolde say
 Both lyfe and goodes and on it bestow
 I wolde were how we a good tonge sholde know
 It wyl not be for by the subtyl trayne
 Of the yltonge whiche alouerthroweth agayn

Men shette suerly theyr chystes with syluer and golde
 With dyuerse Jewelles of gret commodites
 Furred gownes in grayne ryght goodly to beholde
 yet were they better to kepe theyr aduersaryes
 The yltonge and let al the othe lose
 For many hath purposed to amende with herte fayne
 But an yltonge alouerthroweth agayn

For that yltong by an other doth say
 yf he his owne defautes dyd wel beholde
 How many tymes hymselfe is out of the waye
 Ful gladly his tonge than kepe he wolde
 For yf pyke chankes theyr owne fautes the sholde
 To theyr hertes it wolde be a gret payne
 For by yltonges al vertu is ouerthrowe agayn

Al people be ware of these yltonges most peryllous
 And eschew them where euer ye go
 Tonge breketh bone he is so mayncpous
 And none hath hymselfe al knoweth it is so
 Sclaunder cometh lyghly whiche causeth gret wo
 For though thou be in name Icel the playne
 By an yltonge al is ouerthrowe agayn

These comberose clamers in euery towne
That thyng whiche þe deuyl can not byrnye aboute
An yll tonge wyl parforme by vnkynde perolysene
yf a thousande fendes were togyder in a rouse
Coude not by theyr malyce suche falshede viter oute
To byrnye the people to grete dyscensyon
As doth these yll tonges mannes moost confusyon

O enuyous tonges destroyers of hys and lowe degre
Thy wycked sedys thou doost lowe downe.
Here and elles where ouer euery cowntre
Both in cyte bozowe byllage and towne.
Seale thy roynge thou fendlyl yon
In the coffre of sylence hyde the fulsoone
For yll tonges is mannes moost confusyon

He that can kepe his tonge and beware
Laude vnto hym shal euer encrease
And where that he go he nede not to care
For he is sure of reste and peas
More of this mater I nede not reherse
For take this wordes for a conclusyon
That ylle tonges is euer mannes confusyon

Printed at London without Tempel barre
In apnt Clementys parvse by me Iulya
Notary dwellinge at the sygne of the
thre kynges



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